



Prose

Drawings

Curry

Arts Journal

2007

Cover Design
Michael Raymond

Layout/Production
Christine Adduci
Brian Winchester

Faculty Advisor
Karen D'Amato

List of Art Work

Ian Nichols	27
Alexandra Siu	28
Niki Kelley	29
Peggy Kennedy	30
Paula Cabral	31
Joanna Richardson	32
Claire Hilditch	33
Kerry Ronan	34
William Waters	35
Jessica Kheary	36
Skye Kessler	37
Krista Selnau	38
Lindy Wong	39
Sarah Walker	40
Amanda Berman	41
Gillian Hynes	42

Table of Contents

Writing

Your Car Needs A New Set of Shocks <i>by Kevin Lehner</i>	7
Ars Poetica <i>by Adam Fisk</i>	8
The Way I Am <i>by Meredith Beyers</i>	9
Confronting the Enemy <i>by Sara Letourneau</i>	13
Score! <i>by John Abdulla</i>	14
Integrity <i>by Adam Fisk</i>	20
Chained Decisions <i>by Brittany Capozzi</i>	21
Women Hate Mirrors: Looking at an Imperfect Picture <i>by Tracy Shapiro</i>	22
The Meaning of Peace <i>by Colin Carr</i>	26
Why the Streetlights Extinguish When We Walk Beneath Them <i>by Adam Petrillo</i>	43
<u>The Color of Water</u> Through My Eyes <i>by Deidre Hopkins</i>	44
Snakeskin <i>by Sara Letourneau</i>	47
Love, Life, and Devotion <i>by Sara Graham</i>	48
The Water <i>by Jeanette Champagne</i>	51
Losing Stripe <i>by Courtney Dowdell</i>	52
In Memory of an Angel <i>by Brittany Capozzi</i>	55
The Sin in Loving <i>by Jeanette Champagne</i>	56

Conversation Over Tea by Krista Selnau	57
Emotional Exposure by Amelia Arthur-Smith	60
Writer's Block by Sara Letourneau	61



Copyright (©) 2007 by *Curry Arts Journal*, a publication of Curry College, 1071 Blue Hill Avenue, Milton, MA 02186. After first publication, all rights revert to the author/artist. The views expressed herein do not necessarily reflect those of the *Curry Arts Journal* staff or of Curry College.

Editors' Note

As *Curry Arts Journal* editors, our mission is to celebrate students' creative and artistic skills in each annual edition. To this end, as a team and individually, we have gained experience through practice and expanded our skills in publicity, critiquing, editing, design, layout, and events planning. The *Curry Arts Journal* is a student-focused publication which is considered special within our community. We have hopes to expand our team and continue our success to the next level. Throughout the year, we shaped this edition with quality submissions that highlighted strengths and ambitions of writers and artists. This edition was put together with hands-on involvement and dedication to self-expression. The editors of this year's *Curry Arts Journal* thank you for your support and for honoring the works of your peers.

Curry College is a growing community of skilled individuals whose talents are needed to enhance the quality of the *Curry Arts Journal*. We invite students to submit literary and/or art pieces on a wide range of subjects. We strongly recommend that those who have not made it into this year's publication resubmit for the next edition. The *Curry Arts Journal* team encourages all to become active members in our arts community, and we especially ask faculty members to motivate students to become involved and published.

The *Curry Arts Journal* offers two practicum courses taught by Professor Karen D'Amato. Practicum I and Practicum II allow students to explore the many aspects of producing a literary arts journal. Students may enroll in both courses, earning a total of four credits per semester and eight credits during an academic year. Participating students experience a range of responsibility that influences the *Journal's* content, including corresponding with students concerning their submissions, arranging workshops with student authors, editing final selections, and planning events.

As editors, we were also responsible for a variety of public relations activities, including writing content for flyers which publicized upcoming events. We held one open mic each semester, inviting students to read different genres of their writing and to listen to the works of their peers in an intimate setting. The fall event was an evening coffee house surrounded by candles, coffee, and desserts. The open mic included singer-songwriters as well as poets, and an Emerson College student appeared as a guest performer. We would like to thank Dave Ortendahl, Assistant Director of Student Activities, for providing the space and enlisting the Campus Activities Board to set up the event. The spring open mic was a well-attended reading and luncheon that took place in Levin Library. In addition to showcasing this year's *Curry Arts Journal* authors and other student writers, it also included faculty readers and allowed students the opportunity to learn more about the *Journal*, Practicum courses, and the English major. We would like to thank Library Director, Hedi Ben'Aicha and Humanities Chair, Sandy Kaye for their enthusiastic support of and participation in this event.

Another step in publicizing the *Journal* was classroom visits. Each member of the course made brief presentations to classes to inform students of upcoming events and/or workshops. All editors were responsible for promoting events and discussing the Practicum class along with encouraging students to submit their best work. To this end, we invite all students who wish to improve their writing to attend our workshops. The workshops are collaborative meetings where editors and authors share revision ideas and discuss editing suggestions.

On the subject of collaborations, we would like to thank yearbook editor Katia Cherry for approaching us about including *Curry Arts Journal* selections written by members of this year's graduating class in the 2007 yearbook. We were happy to promote this idea for its spirit of celebration and appreciation of student talent, and we were pleased to hear that the work of many seniors had found a wider audience and second home in the yearbook. We encourage other innovative suggestions from this and other student organizations in the future.

Concerning the *Journal's* production, we have again received valuable help from individuals at the Office of Institutional Advancement, namely design intern, Christine Adduci who commenced with the Quark work this spring and completed the layout and production this summer; photography assistant Brian Winchester, who expertly photographed the artwork; and designer Rosemarie Valentino, who oversaw the project.

In closing, we wish to thank the following individuals for their great help with this edition: literary faculty judges Jeannette DeJong, Dorothy Fleming, Sandy Kaye, Jeannette Landrie, Lori Lubeski, and David Miller for their time, their sensitive reading of texts, and their useful comments toward revision; faculty editors Jeannette DeJong and David Miller who generously extended their commitment to include editing and proofreading before press time; and visual arts faculty judges Laurie Alpert and Elizabeth Strasser for their time, expertise, and encouragement of student artists. This year, we would especially like to thank Bob Carew for guiding his students in their creative cover designs and for consulting with us during the selection process. We would also like to thank Michelle Gabow and D-L Garren for inspiring the work of the New Plays Festival from which the screenplay *Score!* was selected.

We also wish to thank Professors Jeff DiIuglio, Dorothy Fleming, and Karen D'Amato, Coordinators of the First-Year Writing Prize, for forwarding this year's top essays for our review. The two first-place essays for 2007 appear here with the authors' consent. We are also happy to have received permission from many of the other winners to consider their essays for the 2008 edition. Our thanks also go out to Professor Barbara Mulcahy who along with Jeff DiIuglio and Karen D'Amato selected these pieces.

Our thank yous would not be complete without acknowledging Hedi Ben'Aicha and his library staff for providing the practicum with a friendly meeting place as well as access to a library computer lab, the Student Government Association for its continued commitment of funding, and Fran Gately and Rosemarie Valentino

of the Office of Institutional Advancement for their continued commitment of time and resources to *Curry Arts Journal*. Finally, we would like to thank Dean David Fedo, Humanities Chair and Writing Program Director Sandy Kaye, and English Coordinators William Russo and Susan Peterson for their continued support of the practicum. The structured, for-credit arrangement encouraged us to stay on task and enhanced our dedication to process and product. After reading this edition, we hope you will agree that due to our collaborative efforts and the community's endless support *Curry Arts Journal 2007* is a quality student publication full of diverse themes and original voices.

Sincerely,

Amelia Arthur-Smith
Brittany Capozzi
Alana Imbaro
Sam Kusek
Luna Salman

The *Curry Arts Journal* Editors

We would like to dedicate this edition to

Dr. David A. Fedo
Academic Dean from 1990-2007
and forever friend of the *Curry Arts Journal*.

We wish him well as he begins a two-year appointment as Executive Director and Visiting Scholar of the Wheelock Center for International Education, Leadership, and Innovation in Singapore.

Your Car Needs a New Set of Shocks

By Kevin Lehner

What say you like a winded coil?
Is there no assurance to let go?

Spring to the unknown
Or stay, and be as you may.

To support those other metals is your intent.
Or do they support you?

Raveled within,
You know the end

And the start. But don't fall apart.
A part of a machine is all you are.

Ars Poetica

By Adam Fisk

Jackson Pollack ain't got
shit on me
flinging it on like the wind whipping
the leaves of autumn.
Thought processes gone wild—
red and gold
thrown in with a dash of paprika.
Don't worry about it now, that's
what white is for.
Momentary genius, overshadowed
by the hubris that takes over
or idiosyncrasies for that matter.
Could it be a social commentary
on the decline of emotion in everyday
life, or just a landscape?
Ticks of the trade, sucking
all value. A husk
left pale and broken.
Overshadowing, upstaging.
Revive.
Don't fret,
I'm here.

The Way I Am

By Meredith Beyers

"Push, miss! Come on, just one more push. That-a girl, you can do it! Hold my hand if you need to—just one more!" screams a nurse practitioner, or perhaps a medical aide. In my mind's eye there are lights glaring, filling the room with their white purity and making it appear as if Jesus has returned. The tension portrays a nervous actor, flooded under limelight with no remembrance of the lines he's worked so hard on. It is likely that there are emotional gasps, worry, and possible disgust cascading around the room as well. "It's a baby girl, Miss Byers. A beautiful baby girl! Welcome to the world—what are you going to call her?" asks the aforementioned nurse. "Meredith. Meredith Lynn," responds the breathless nineteen-year-old just out of high school, Norwood High School, class of 1986. Although I do not hear the voice of this nurse, notice the ranging emotions, feel the pounding of my heart within my chest and throat, or experience the pain of muscles contracting and distorting to push an eight-pound child into the world, I do bask in the conflict of what has brought me—the small baby girl—here.

I was not born out of innocence that hot afternoon in August. There were months of turmoil, arguments, anger, and tears shed from lack of intelligence about what to do. What to "do" you're probably wondering? Well, it's simple: where was I, this child, going to go? Would its life be taken by an injection, or a pill, or would it be given away? Who could possibly care for this child born out of wedlock?

It had been made clear months before as my father stood his ground shakily, I'd imagine with an alcoholic beverage grasped tightly between his arrogant fingers, that if the child were not a male upon birth that he wanted nothing to do with it. Those fingers have caused so much harm, physically and mentally, from bloodshed to cynical phone calls. I'd imagine my hands are similar to his, but I like to think mine are used for volunteer work and not hate crimes. This is where the gender role affects my life. I was not born male, the word I can say with relief, and ironically the word he used to describe me. "If the child is not born *male*, I want nothing to do with it. Do you understand me?" This is what I can picture him saying to my mother.

Where I see being a male as a bad thing, he saw it as a good thing. But, at the same time, where I see male as genderless, my father saw it as a chance to abandon me. He abandoned me when the word *male* did not physically define me. Well, I was not born a man, the word of negative connotation I hold close to me in disgust. *Man* to me is a person of high stature who has mentally abused me in the past, a person of authority who is miserable with his life and obviously sees me as an easy target or an outlet for his instability. Every job I have held I've been verbally and mentally abused by masculine authority. Even the system in my previous high school had found a way to best me and corrupt me, one masculine teacher finding it all right to show his affection toward me. But no, I am instead the bastard feminine child of my mother. My mother being adopted and my father an unknown, I've had to make a lot of judgment calls on who I am, where I come from, and what I give to society.

Because of my singled-out relationship with my mother, I have never known my true roots, nor have I known how to use certain emotions. When I fall, I do not cry; when I feel pain, I do not acknowledge it; when I am emotionally hurt, I hold it all inside and turn it into anger and aggression. Because of this, I find myself to be very masculine in the sense that I have a different interpretation than females of fear, pain, and emotional hurt. Most of the males I know do not cry often, and instead of talking things out, they fight—I do this as well, but more so in my mind. I nitpick myself apart and instead of breaking down and crying, I take walks, scream, or become physically destructive. It is stressful to be the opposite of how you feel. I love being a woman, but I don't always compare to many of the girls I know. There are times I feel like a man but look like a woman; those times honestly make me feel so insecure about myself. Have you ever stepped into a store that you absolutely loved, but felt so out of place? My best example would be walking into Hot Topic wearing a pair of jeans and a pink ruffled top. If you've never been to Hot Topic, go and wear what the preceding said: you'll understand completely—it is a feeling of torture I feel every day.

I don't know many girls who are like the husband of their mother, the missing puzzle piece to the family picture, the other half in helping with the family, the house, the bills, and the money situations

that come up. Sometimes I just have to sit and wonder if there are times my own mother looks at me and thinks, "She looks just like him. She has his eyes, hair and complexion." When I am angry, does she see the destructive man she once knew long ago?

Seeing as I was always one of the boys, and actually the only girl in my neighborhood growing up, I'm positive I've picked up on some of their characteristics, such as my disgusting humor, sailor's mouth, and interest in things not particularly pleasing to most women in my life. This does not make me a bad person, but it is actually something that confuses the hell out of me—who am I? Isn't puberty supposed to confuse and torture the mind and then adulthood come to the rescue and tie the loose ends? This is my life, affected by gender: the possibility that my body is female and my mind is male.

There is confusion as to why I consider my mind to be dominantly male-oriented. Why do I consider this after growing up in a female's home? I guess it is the way my mother has raised me, or just the way a young child will mock an adult. She was strong for me, and now I'm strong myself, and when it's needed, strong for her. She was the embodiment of male and female for me, trying to hold the home together, trying to explain sex from a woman's viewpoint and then from a male's. Also, now that I remember, she had a child—me—at the age of nineteen, with no soul mate and no marriage. She despises men and does not trust them—somehow I feel she's passed that down to me. I understand that there are many stereotypical errors and that there are many strong women out there, myself and my mother being only two, but her strength comes from her father, the man of the house.

Although I do not consider myself to be a man, I have often lived with the feeling that maybe I should have been one. All those nights my mother cried and prayed to her Savior, "Please, let it be a girl. If there is anything I have ever wanted, it is this. Please do this one thing for me. That I'm begging of You." It worries me that I was just a specimen, a guinea pig, a test product, an embryo that got mutated in the game of life with wishes and pleas. Is it possible that God was unsure what to do with me, just as I am unsure about myself? Did he grant my mother this one wish out of pity, relieving one soul but damaging another? My life is a game of win and lose I suppose,

but I can't necessarily make my life out to be a negative, because then I wouldn't be the person that I am or have the viewpoints and experiences that I have had.

Growing up, I realized that my mother was the powerful one, giving off an aura of inner and outer strength. She worked long and hard, and she gave me everything I could ever need. This is the type of strength you see on the football field when a man is painfully tackled but there is no complaint, or when an outcast is made fun of in a crowded hallway but appears unmoved. Perhaps I picked up on this way of life—show no true emotion, suck it up and “be a man.” I do tend to stereotype a lot, and although I know that women are the true strong sex for giving birth and keeping a home, I see it reversed. As a person with a female body but a male-oriented mind, my physical and emotional strength is *not* of a woman's! It is known through psychology that “if you act how you feel, you'll feel how you act.” I act like a male; therefore I feel like a male—regardless of the stereotype, it is my personal view.

Gender, to me, really is a way of life; it determines your sexual orientation, how you marry, your social establishment, your working pay, jobs you can perform, and so much more. Having to explain my way of life, my view, to people time after time, yet still arriving at no conclusions, is exhausting like birth. I am still striving to push into the world with some idea of who I am and where I belong in life psychically and mentally. Perhaps my struggle lies in trying to convince other people, and not just myself; perhaps this is just the way I am—cursed from above, but saved from a world of personal harm.

Confronting the Enemy

By Sara Letourneau

I will approach you cautiously
I've never danced with death before

I will stare you directly in the eye
Make you feel my presence even more

I will analyze your every move
Always second-guessing, never taking chances

I will follow every step you take
Especially the ones coming closer to me

I will ball my tiny hands into fists
Pretending I'm stronger than I really am

I will keep you in my line of sight
For if I turn my back, you might just attack

I will clench my teeth and exhale deeply
I'm not afraid, I'm still alive

I will summon my every ounce of courage
Unaware of what I'm fully capable of doing

I will search my soul for that inspiration
Because deep in my heart, I know I can
And I will
I will defeat you

SCORE!

By John Abdulla

This screenplay was performed March 24 through March 26, 2007 during the New Plays Festival in the Keith Auditorium Blackbox.

FADE IN:

INT: Living Room, Night. JESS, TED, and JIM, three college students, are sitting on a couch in Jim's apartment, watching the game. Jim has his arm around Jess, and it is clear that she is his girlfriend.

JESS

[to Jim]

So the Patriots are winning?

JIM

[watching TV]

Yeah baby, they're tearing the Colts apart.

TED

[watching TV]

Fuckin' A!

JESS

I still don't get this game ... just a bunch of guys hitting each other, how is that fun?

JIM

[glued to TV]

Shit, how did he miss that?

TED

I dunno man, that was awful.

[to Jess]

It's a fun game, Jess. You just have to have balls.

[grabs his crotch]

Ya know what I'm sayin'?

JIM

Hells yeah dude.

JESS

Just have to be stupid is more like it.

JIM

They better win this game or I'm gonna be pissed.

TED

Tell me about it. I put big money on this game.

JIM

You put money on it? With who?

TED

This guy I know.

They continue watching the game.

JIM

Man, we need to get you a girl.

How long has it been now? Two months?

TED

Yup.

JESS

Hey, I have this girlfriend, Ashley. She just broke up with this asshole. Maybe I can set you up with her.

JIM
There ya go.

TED
Meh, what do I need them for. Just make things complicated.

JESS
Hey!

TED
No offense.

Jess disapproves.

JIM
Hey, he's right isn't he?!

JESS
Oh, you now, too? Why don't you just go gay then?

JIM
Fuck that. I love the pussy.

JESS
Then don't complain!

JIM
Nice...commercials. I gotta take a piss.

TED
Thanks for letting us know.

JIM
[smirking as he exits]
No problem.

Ted and Jess are sitting on the couch...comfortably alone.

JESS
[moving closer]
I don't know how much longer I can do this.
[pause]
Do you think he knows?

TED
Nah. He doesn't know.

JESS
Should we tell him?

TED
How can we? We can't.

JESS
I don't want to hide it anymore.
I can't stop thinking about you. It's horrible.

TED
I know. But we can't do much...

Jim is walking back to the couch.

Jess stands up to leave...

JESS
Honey, do you know where we put that dip I bought?

JIM
Uhh...in the fridge?

JESS
[walking out]
No, I don't think so. I'm gonna go look for it.

JIM
Go for it.

Jim sits down on the couch with Ted. They continue watching the game for a moment, before Ted looks to make sure Jess is out of sight. Jim extends his hand out to Ted. Ted accepts his hand.

JIM
Do you think she knows?

TED
Nah man, she doesn't know.

JIM
Should we tell her?

TED
How can we? We can't.

JIM
I know, but...I don't know. I need you.
[pause]
It'll fuck everything up.

TED
That's the problem.

JIM
But how long can we do this?
How long can we go on like this...?

They quickly release hands as they hear Jess walking back.

JESS
I found it!

TED
Excellent.

JESS
[as she sits]
They scored?

JIM
No, the dip...never mind.

JESS
I'm going to call Ashley for you, Ted.

TED
Whatever.

JIM
Fuck me! He just threw an interception! Damn it!

JESS
Calm down. It's just a game, honey.

They sit awkwardly comfortable, continuing to watch the game.

FADE OUT.

Integrity

By Adam Fisk

Into the moat
I walk with the moments
that remind me of that.
Bottles upon bottles litter
my feet, stumbling across sagas of nights gone past.
Nights of her, and her, and her.
Nights of solitude, nights of hearing the tapping
of my pencil against the desks.
Death before dishonor.
Where is the honor in this place, this place
that holds you and me, me and her,
horse races and liver disease.
It's 4 a.m. and here I
stand, broken in pieces,
masking tape holding the bottle
together.

Chained Decisions

By Brittany Capozzi

The innocent become the guilty in time,
The guilty become the innocent in time,
The hurt ones then deceive others only then to become hurt.

The vulnerable souls seem to flourish into strong colorful beauties,
The "strong seeming" souls flush into black and white silhouettes.
Those who are ashamed hide their sins from the luminescent glow of
the outside acknowledgements.

You're either walking or running.
Walking away from mistakes
Or running into trouble.
At different points in our lives, we all walk and we all run. You must
pace yourself, guard yourself, and foresee what lies ahead.

The innocent become the guilty in time,
The guilty become the innocent in time,
The hurt ones then deceive others only then to become hurt.

The vulnerable souls seem to flourish into strong colorful beauties,
The "strong seeming" souls flush into black and white silhouettes.
Those who are ashamed hide their sins from the luminescent glow of
the outside acknowledgements.

It's all virtually a chain, one action relates to the other. You choose and
alter the chain as life beholds you.

Women Hate Mirrors: Looking at an Imperfect Picture

By Tracy Shapiro

Our standards of beauty have changed over the past decades, and what was once thought the epitome of beauty and sensuality—feminine curves and roundness—has given way to a new standard of almost impossible thinness, coupled with unnaturally large breasts. We're sure the beauty aesthetic will change again, but unfortunately we can't give you a timeline on that.

LA Times Fashion Police answer to a query on plus sizes

If an artist handed me a paintbrush, a canvas, and some paints and asked me to paint the perfect body, I would think, "Well, what exactly is *the perfect body*?" Does it mean wearing a small shirt size, putting on the smallest size pair of jeans, and looking like a walking Barbie doll? Should I paint this image of a young woman? Or should I paint another young woman who is curvy, puts on a double-size pair of jeans, and wears a big-size shirt? Should I paint this picture of me?

I am standing in front of a mirror, trying on clothes that I think would look flattering on my curvy figure. But in reality the clothes don't look flattering at all. It stinks to cry in dressing rooms because clothes don't fit right. It is the worst feeling in the world. Looking into mirrors only tells me that I'm not a perfect person. If someone gave me a hammer to break the mirror, I would do it.

Since eighth grade, I have never been a skinny girl. From that time forward, my doctor, my mother, and society in general have told me something that I have always hated to hear, which is: "You're too fat. You need to lose weight." Just the sound of that makes me frustrated and very unhappy with who I am.

Every day I look at magazines with images of super skinny women that make me feel intimidated and embarrassed about my curvy figure. Unfortunately, for me and many other young women, having a good self-image means being a single size, wearing the absolute smallest shirt size, and looking stick thin. In "Whose Body Is

This?" Katherine Haines discusses the pressure women are constantly enduring to have that "perfect body." This essay really stood out to me and explained how society pressures women every single day. When I was reading the essay, the image of a dressing room mirror kept flashing through my mind. One aspect of the story that impressed me was how Katherine's sister was nearly anorexic. Haines writes, "I watched as she came home from school, having eaten nothing for breakfast and at lunch only a bag of pretzels and an apple (and she didn't always finish that)..... she had little strength, and *the bruises she had, made her look like an abused child*" (Haines 208, *italics mine*). Society demands a lot from women. Being anorexic or on the edge of becoming that thin is one of them.

Another is hiding our weight at the same time we hide our true selves. After reading a short essay called "The Skinny on Small" by Diane Sepanski, I felt I could relate to many aspects of it. She writes, "When I looked in the mirror, all I saw was a girl looking back at me. This girl felt ethereal, insubstantial, unlikely. This girl got pelted with snowballs and didn't fight back. This girl didn't take up much room. She just looked at her shoes" (Sepanski 68). Similarly, in high school, my negative self-image took a toll on my confidence level. Coming to school every day, I wore a t-shirt, sweatshirt, and sweatpants, looking like I just rolled out of bed. My make-up was heavy and dark, almost like I was putting a disguise on myself. I looked in the mirror in my locker every day and just thought, "I'm not perfect, and I will never be perfect."

To solve this problem, during my freshman year in high school I went on Weight Watchers with my dad. The result was that I ended up losing seven pounds. People noticed the way I looked and said I lost weight. Deep inside, I felt almost too skinny. I wasn't happy with losing that much weight. It was the first time I had ever dieted in my life.

After slowly gaining the weight back, I felt better about who I was. At that weight (around 150 pounds), I felt like myself and not like someone who had to measure up to society's standards. There were times I felt I needed to lose the weight again, and there were times when I felt good about myself without losing weight. However, my mom has a history of constantly pressuring me to lose weight and be

another person who I don't want to be. She often gets "low fat" or "fat free" foods for me that taste horrible. Hearing my mom nag me about my weight is extremely stressful. Every day I hear: "Wouldn't it be amazing to be a size eight?" or "How about losing twenty pounds?" One day I told her, "I would feel anorexic twenty pounds lighter! Forget it!"

If I am sitting at home she will suggest that I go walk outside or go to the gym, when the truth is I either have a lot of homework to do or I just want her to leave me alone. After getting so fed up with her, I tried diet number two, the South Beach Diet. The South Beach Diet means that you must eliminate all carbohydrates for two weeks. After the two weeks are over, you can slowly bring back the carbohydrates. I am a big carb eater, and not having carbohydrates for two weeks was frustrating. I've been on this diet twice already and lost seven pounds each time. Then, once again, I would gain the weight back. Nothing has ever worked to help me keep the weight off forever. I joined the YMCA in my town in February 2005. Exercising there for months helped me maintain my weight and just feel taller and more confident. I felt really good and sore at the same time. Working with a trainer wasn't easy, but it was worth it. Today even though I'm not a single-size girl, I have maintained my normal size of a 10/12.

After watching one friend battle almost being anorexic and another friend suffer from obesity, I can only say to myself, "Thank goodness I'm healthy in terms of my body!" Cameron and April (whose names have been changed) are two of my good friends. Cameron is extremely heavy and eats like a kid in a candy store, but April nearly became anorexic. This isn't how I want to live my life, either being anorexic or being extremely heavy. Hearing people call them names like "Anorexic April" and "Crazy Cameron" is enough to just push them over the edge.

Women just like me deal with the constant pressure to be a person that they do not want to be. As explained in a song by Simple Plan entitled "Crazy," the media, celebrities, friends, and family influence young women to have "the perfect body." They are constantly pressuring women, and it's painful. Looking at magazines with pictures of incredibly skinny women makes young women go to extremes to measure up to this standard of beauty. With all that said, Haines

explains that "this ... will never give women the power they deserve over their bodies and will never enable them to make their own decisions about what type of body they want" (210). I could not agree more. Women will never get the chance to be who they want to be, let alone decide what type of body they want, if they listen to these messages.

If an artist handed you a canvas, paintbrushes, and paint, would you paint an imperfect picture of yourself? Looking at the mirror on the wall, this imperfect painting is a painful memory for you. Would you break this mirror? Women hate mirrors.

Works Cited:

- Haines, Katherine. "Whose Body Is This?" Reading Critically. Writing Well. Ed. Rise B. Axelrod, Charles R. Cooper, and Alison M. Warriner. 7th ed. Boston: Bedford/St. Martin's, 2005. 207-10.
- Sepanski, Diane. "The Skinny on Small." Contemporary Reader. Ed. Gary Goshgarian, 8th ed. New York: Longman, 2005. 67-70.

The Meaning of Peace

By Colin Carr

Somebody please tell me
what is the *meaning of peace*?
So many soldiers lost, for no reason deceased.

We're lucky to be alive with this hate, and what's more,
we're trying to bring peace to a country
by starting a war. Losing our own,

what's forgotten is the problems that we got at home:
robbery probably because of poverty,
taking over other lands, mockery of democracy.

Logically, there has got to be a better solution.
Just look at all the lives we're losing, such a waste of money—
we aren't even fighting a war for our own country.

We're suffering. I'm wondering
what the fuck is in the president's head.
Save his home? No, he'd rather spend dead presidents instead

on a war that we can't win.
What about the problems we got?
There's no way we're ever stopping jihad!

Buried in the ground lie our peers
for trying to stop a war
that's been going on for thousands of years.

Getting killed in Fallujah, it's insanity.
I can't stand to see what cannot be rebuilt
because our leader doesn't even have a plan to be fulfilled.

We can't be saved anymore; we're just slaves of war,
and all this hatred has made me sore.

If I get that draft slip, I'll tear it in half and split. I'm a pacifist—
they can't make me go and fight these masochists.

He says he wants them to be liberated.
I foil
the plans he has for us to be manipulated
for oil.



Edgar
Ian Nichols
3-D Installation



The Tao of Inner Peace
Alexandra Siu
Drypoint



Lion's Share
Niki Kelley
Polyester Plate Lithograph



Blue Lace
Peggy Kennedy
Ceramic



Baptism
Paula Cabral
Digital Photography



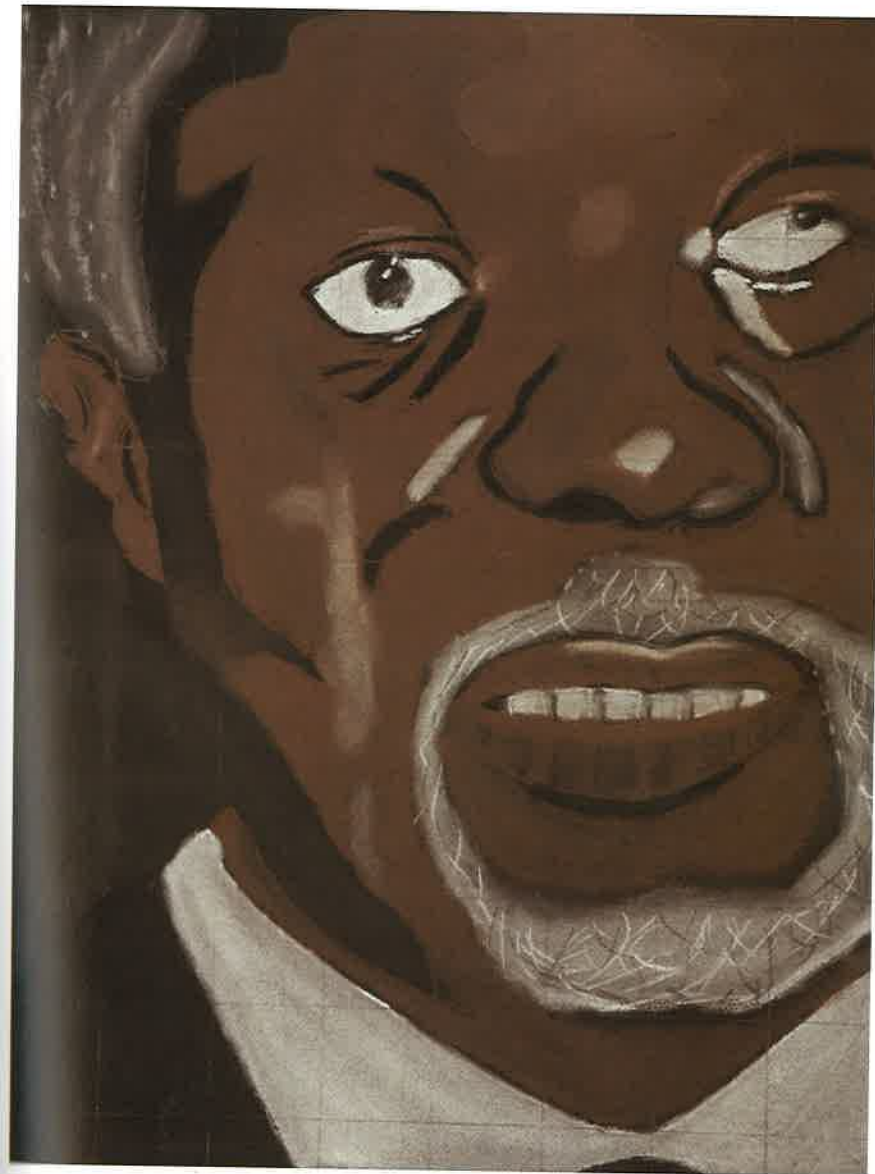
Honesty and Forgiveness
Joanna Richardson
Polyester Plate Lithograph



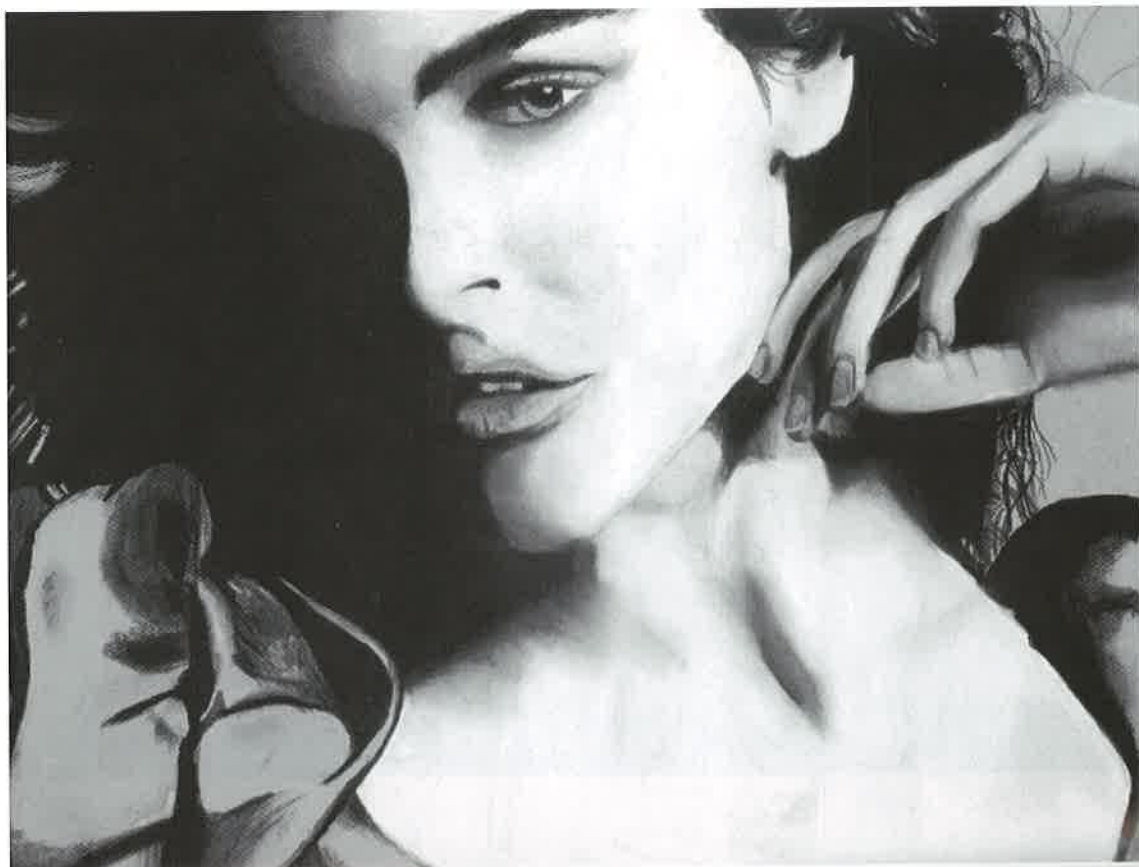
Untitled
Claire Hilditch
Monoprint



Sunrise
Kerry Ronan
Color Photography



Untitled
William Waters
Conte Crayon



Untitled
Skye Kessler
Conte Crayon



Last Days
Jessica Kheary
Color Photography



Untitled
Krista Selnau
Ceramic



Untitled
Lindy Wong
Ceramic



Untitled
Sarah Walker
Pencil Drawing



Stamp
Amanda Berman
Oil Painting



Untitled
Gillian Hynes
Mixed Media

Why the Streets Lights Extinguish When We Walk Beneath Them

By Adam Petrillo

Where were you
when the world turned black
and all the crying seagulls
squealed *we're under attack?*
Where were you
when the enemy came back
and the earth spilt blood-tears
of inhabitants she lacked?

Planes fly over distant countries
with strange exotic sounds,
delivering food for their sick and starving
as the meek lie dead in our towns.

Guaranteed safety
from those I fail to see.
Through my window the moon smiles back
cautiously.

Where were you
when the clown took off the mask
and frowned in disbelief
as our rebuttal answered back?
Where were you
when the earth was splattered black
and the oceans boiled hatred,
the only emotion left intact?

The Color of Water Through My Eyes

By Deidre Hopkins

"The Color of Water Through My Eyes" was one of the first-place winners in this year's First-Year Writing Prize Competition.

With my own busy life and busy schedule, matters of race and discrimination are lost on me. I never have the time or the desire to make life harder on anyone because they were born different, and I have never had the chance to really contemplate what life would be like if I were anything other than what people seem to think is the "norm" — that is: "white." Still I have chosen to walk a different path when it comes to religion but have been spared the slander so many people have had to tolerate because I have chosen to keep it quiet. It was not until I read The Color of Water by James McBride that I began to think about such issues.

For example, can a person's race truly define his or her identity? As a boy, McBride struggled with this concept. Having been born to a white, Jewish mother and sired by a black minister, he wasn't quite sure what or who he was. James spent hours in front of a mirror contemplating who he was and searching for himself in the eyes of his own reflection, forming his own opinions of himself: "The boy in the mirror, he didn't seem to have an ache. He was free. He was never hungry, he had his own bed and his mother wasn't white. I hated him" (91). In these simple words, we see the confusion and anguish McBride, a still developing and growing boy, felt about a decision that was never his. He never had a say in who his parents were, or his race, and like so many that came before him he must endure the slander that should never be laid on a child, no matter what race or religion.

Part of what made McBride so uncertain of who he was was not truly knowing where his mother fit in. "As [he] sat on the bus peering out the window at mommy, the only white face in a sea of black faces" (35), he could clearly see that she was not like the other people in his neighborhood. Because of the times, McBride was constantly afraid for her, thinking she would be the victim of a hate crime. McBride grew up during the civil rights movement when black people

were rising up against white oppressors, an often violent and turbulent time. Luckily, his fears never came true.

Adding to the fear and confusion suffered by James was his mother's silence on race. Whenever he asked his mother a question about this heated topic, she quickly brushed his curiosities off and changed the subject. I don't think McBride's mother was uncomfortable talking about race; she just tried to make it seem unimportant. When asked by her children if she was white or black, she would simply reply, "I'm light skinned," telling her curious little troops nothing and answering no questions. By not knowing who she was, McBride could not understand who he himself was (14).

The last social question that The Color of Water answered was: can a person who is of one race truly live in both worlds with his or her partner of an opposite race? Sadly, the answer was not something I was expecting. I would hope that two adults could live how they chose, but as Ruth, McBride's mother, proved, the world was simply not ready to allow love to exist outside of race. In order for her love to live, Ruth had to destroy a side of herself and embrace her husband's racial background. She explains all this to James when he is older saying, "Rachel Shilsky [her maiden name] is dead as far as I'm concerned. She had to die in order for me, the rest of me, to live" (2). I hope that the world has changed since Ruth's time. It is getting less and less rare to see an interracial couple, but I have no experience to speak from.

The subject of race is a very personal subject, and how it impacts a person depends on where the person lives and how he or she was raised. If, for example, a person grew up in the south where words like "nigger" are common and no one in his or her family and society thinks twice about discrimination, then racism lives on in that person. A person from the north, however, may not be exposed to the same racist slander and therefore is more likely to see the error of his or her ways when he/she acts out against the norm. It does seem, however, that the more time marches on the more people see each other as just people. In my generation, race and ethnic background do not play such an enormous role in defining a person. I can only hope that it gets better with each new generation.

In many ways, The Color of Water was one of the best books I have ever had to read. It not only touched my heart to read such an

emotional, well-told story, but it gave me a chance to think about a lot of things I would never have thought of otherwise. I had the opportunity to examine not only human behavior and how that has changed through the times, but also the difficulties facing a child who has no idea what side he is on during America's great "race war." The Color of Water has opened up a side of our history that is talked about too briefly in most history classes and made me see the world through another's eyes.

Works Cited:

McBride, James. The Color of Water: A Black Man's Tribute to His White Mother. 10th Anniversary Edition. New York: Riverhead Books, 2006.

Snakeskin

By Sara Letourneau

Here,
I shed a skin
worn from years of growth,
tattered from battles I've lost and won.
Born with this protection,
it no longer fits
me.

Head first, I start to wriggle
out and away.
Light filters through holes I've made.
Pulling, tearing.
Moments of fitful choking, wheezing –
then purified oxygen.
No one ever told me that change
would be easy.

On the ground, shreds of a young child:
innocent, naïve;
pink and white among gray and blue;
sweat and tears;
and the days when I believed I didn't belong
inside my own.
Perhaps this new layer will radiate more
than the last one.

The past still lingering, I rip away
the final pieces.
Sensitive to the touch, grateful to be
stripped bare.
No more stranglehold, no sandpaper
scratching my heart.
All of me sighs with relief to embrace
a present future.

Here,
I wear a skin
not yet touched by sin;
not withered, blemished, or stretched thin...
almost unrecognizable;
but still, I am
the same.

Love, Life, and Devotion

By Sara Graham

"Love, Life, and Devotion" was one of the first-place winners in this year's First-Year Writing Prize Competition.

"If love can't cure it, nurses can." An anonymous person said these inspirational words that I now know I want to live by. Nursing is a profession that is encompassed by hard work and dedication. I definitely don't back down from a challenge, and I put all of my effort into something that I want. That is why I decided to apply for a summer volunteer program at Jordan Hospital two years ago. I went into my interview for the position anxious because I knew that I wanted to eventually work in a hospital, and this summer program was an opportunity of a lifetime. About a week later, I received a phone call that changed my life for the better. The woman from the volunteer office called to tell me that I had been accepted into the prestigious program composed of only twenty other students from around the state. It was necessary that I complete one hundred hours of work throughout the hospital. That amount of hours allowed me to experience almost every part of the hospital from the maternity ward to the x-ray room. This experience taught me that I wanted to become a nurse, and I will always remember every hour, minute, and second of the program.

On one of my six-hour days, I was on flower delivery duty, and I thought I wouldn't learn anything from this job. However, that all changed as I delivered flowers to a new mother. I took the short ride on the elevator to the maternity ward and had one of the nurses in charge buzz me in. I brought a beautiful bouquet of flowers into a room. The mother was lying on the bed with her brand new baby boy in her arms; she looked like the happiest person in the world. I handed her the gorgeous arrangement while I took in the surroundings of the hospital. That moment was one that I will never forget because that is when I realized that I wanted to be a neonatal nurse. A neonatal nurse takes care of babies that are sick. I knew that not every new mother was lying on the bed with joy, but some with sadness and worry for the

health of their baby. That day of the program taught me a lot about my future and myself.

Another day I was assigned to moving patients in wheelchairs throughout the hospital. I was called to the oncology section to bring a patient who had just gotten treatment for cancer to his car because he couldn't walk well enough. When I got to that floor, I asked one of the nurses which patient was to be taken downstairs. She told me that she would get him ready to go. The wife of this man went up to the nurse to talk about his treatment. As I heard this woman burst into tears, she tried to hide each glistening, painful tear from her husband. She was devastated by the thought of losing him so soon. The nurse wrapped her in her arms and told her that the doctors and nurses were doing everything they could for her husband. She told the woman that her husband was in good hands. I was trying to hold back tears as I heard their conversation, but that didn't go very well. I started to wipe tears from my eyes, not wanting the woman to see me. This was another day where I realized that I wanted to help not only the patients, but the families that might be suffering also.

On my last day of volunteering, I felt my heart wrenching when I realized that I was down to my last few hours. However, I was ecstatic that I was placed in the wet lab. This is where the x-rays are read quickly to determine if the person has fractured a bone. Well, once the doctor had read a young boy's x-ray, he determined that the bone was broken. I was the one to deliver the news to the nurses of the boy. I brought the x-ray and the information from the doctor to the floor where the boy was located. He started to cry because he didn't want a cast on his arm. The nurse, however, made the young boy feel better by telling him he could choose the color of the cast and the stickers that he wanted to decorate his cast. The boy instantly stopped his crying and put his arm out for the cast to be put on. The parents of the boy looked better as the nurses fixed his arm because he obviously wasn't in the same amount of pain as before. The nurses made the young boy feel better not only physically, but also emotionally. They made sure that he was fully taken care of while helping the parents with their stress. This last day couldn't have been better because it made me realize that I wanted to walk out of school as a nurse.

The Summer at Jordan Hospital Program opened my eyes to the nursing profession. I had always known that I wanted to work in a hospital environment, but there are so many options of jobs. After seeing what nurses actually have to deal with, not only with the medical issues but also with the emotional side of each patient and family, I knew I would be both challenged and rewarded in this profession. This experience was unforgettable, and I will always remember how I felt in each situation. I am a better person for doing this program because I learned that becoming a nurse is what I want to work towards, and it is how I want to spend the rest of my life.



The Water

By Jeanette Champagne

Pools of water
Pools of pain
Pools of love
Fill fast
Water leaves
Pain remains
And love will never last
Wind will blow
Flowers grow
Clouds of rain will fall
But wind will waft
Flowers fade
And rain clouds drown us all

Losing Stripe

By Courtney Dowdell

I will never forget the moment when I watched a living creature I cherished die in front of me. It honestly felt like time had frozen during the euthanasia of my cat Stripe. In that moment in time, Stripe's suffering came to an end while my pain had only just begun. The experience changed my outlook on life and my ability to cope with loss.

The slight protrusion of the bones in Stripe's back was the first sign that something was wrong. She also appeared listless, and she had begun to eat less of her food. I voiced my concerns to my mom, but she thought that Stripe had just gotten into a fight with another animal and would get better soon. However, days went by and Stripe's condition didn't improve, so my mom agreed to make an appointment with the veterinarian.

Stripe had had her annual check up just the previous month and had been given a clean bill of health. Now the veterinarian felt a massive tumor in her abdomen and took Stripe in another room to get an x-ray. The veterinarian suggested that Stripe should get an ultrasound done but added that the ultrasound technician was on vacation for a week. However, Stripe wouldn't be able to wait a week. Stripe's prognosis seemed grim; we didn't know what kind of cancer she had. Even if she had the most treatable kind of cancer, chemotherapy might make her sick and she'd have a year to live at best.

When I arrived home, all these thoughts started racing through my head. Stripe was always so healthy. It was my dog Ben who got sick, not her. To make the situation more complicated, my younger cousin was coming to visit soon, and he'd want me to be happy and entertain him. I told my cousin about Stripe before he came to visit, but he seemed unsympathetic to my feelings. While I was playing with him, my mind constantly wandered to Stripe's suffering. She refused to eat cat food entirely, and we could only get her to consume tuna juice. I started to find Stripe resting in strange places like the primitive bathroom stall in the basement. She was an outdoor cat who relished lying

in the grass outside, but I kept her indoors in fear that, like a lot of cats, she would wander far away from home to die. It was evident that I had to make a decision. My family had a trip to Canada planned in a few days, and I couldn't bear the image of Stripe dying alone while we were on vacation. In addition, my parents told me that canceling the trip was not an option. I decided the right thing to do was have her suffering come to an end before we left for Canada. The trip was scheduled for July 7th and my birthday was July 6th. Therefore, my mom made the appointment for July 5th.

Around 7 p.m. on July 5th, 2005, my mom and I carried Stripe into the Hawthorne Animal Hospital. It was the last appointment of the day so the place was deserted. The same veterinarian who had diagnosed Stripe less than a week earlier was going to euthanize her. The examining room was brightly lit, and there was a towel placed on top of the metal table in the center of the room. The first thing she asked us was if we had ever done this before. Neither of us had. Then she explained the procedure in a calm voice. She would give Stripe a tranquilizer that would make her sleepy, and when she was in a relaxed state the veterinarian would administer the final shot. Unfortunately, the procedure did not go as planned. Stripe fought for her life every step of the way. My heart broke as I watched her legs move back and forth like she was trying to run away. It took three tranquilizers to get Stripe to stop moving. Then the veterinarian shaved a small portion of her leg and gave her the injection. I witnessed a cloud of blood go into the syringe and her tongue force its way out of her mouth. The veterinarian checked her heartbeat, looked up, and said, "It's done." She then left the room and told us to take as much time as we needed. My mom and I petted her and told Stripe how much we loved her. I gave Stripe one last kiss on top of her head and exited the room. I bawled my eyes out all the way home and cried incessantly for hours. The whole experience seemed surreal.

Although it was a painful experience, I gained a lot from it. For the first time, I could relate to other people who had lost pets. Months later, when my dog Ben started to suffer from a leaky mitrovalve in his heart, I was able to deal with the situation better. I did everything I could for Ben including getting him an ultrasound, giving him several medications daily, and taking him to multiple vet

visits. This freed me from the guilt I would have felt had I not tried all the treatment options. I also knew what to expect when the treatments failed and Ben had to be euthanized. I learned how to preserve their memories and commemorate their lives by making separate scrapbooks for Ben and Stripe.

Losing Stripe also changed me. I became envious of people who still had their pets and took them for granted. I missed my pets so much that I filled out an application to be a volunteer at the Northeast Animal Shelter. Sadly, they didn't need any more volunteers. After this, I never even considered applying anywhere else. I felt it wasn't meant to be.

I believe that everything happens for a reason. I think that the meaning of losing Stripe was for me to truly experience grief and to cope with the death of a pet firsthand. In the future, I will use the coping skills I learned when I have to face the consequences of mortality again. This experience changed my outlook on life by making me look at situations more realistically. Before I lost Stripe, I used to say that she would live forever, and now I have to accept that no one lives forever.

In Memory of an Angel

By Brittany Capozzi

My teacher once told me an enchanting anecdote
which I keep inside as an inner note

*"If you perceive a white feather within your reach,
then an angel has left a trace of its voiceless speech"*

You have a guardian angel who is heedful and loves
There are spirits on the wings of countless doves
You cannot see their aura but you know it's there,
for when you finally see a feather you'll feel serenity in the air

The Sin in Loving

By Jeanette Champagne

She walks for days in silence
She wastes her time in vain
For she is not remembered
and ignorance is pain

She waits for days in silence
On her lips, a silent prayer
begging for redemption
pleading with the air

She waits for days in silence
breaking all alone
She bears her shame in silence
For the fault is all her own

Conversation Over Tea

By Krista Selnau

Warm water runs through her hair, trickles down her breasts to her feet and spirals down through the drain. It is the warm water which awakens her but not in the complete sense of being awakened. The various shampoos she keeps smell of pleasant fragrance, and the lit candles add to the serenity of the room. She finishes, dresses, and pauses, staring blankly at her reflection watching her from a large antique mirror, her dead face refusing to betray her.

There is a knock upon the bedroom door. Soft at first, then louder as the intruder receives no answer. "Darling ...?"

She sighs. It is he. Awakening to her senses, she answers, "Yes ... I'm just fine."

"Open please, darling?" he pleads.

"Not now. I'm busy."

"Darling, your breakfast is getting cold...your tea is no longer hot," he tries.

She sighs, opens the door, and greets him with a smile and a semi-warm kiss. His embrace is awkward, and she would like to go. She does not want to be held, and she does not want to make idle talk with him. "Please..." she manages as she lightly steps away towards the kitchen containing her now cold breakfast. She looks it over and takes her seat, but eats nothing, drinks nothing.

On this bright, sunny morning her day begins. *Good morning sun! Good morning creatures, nature and life!* The birds are audible through the window, and even the darkest curtains couldn't keep the sun out today. *Oh, but such melancholy, what is good at all?* She thinks they are all good and good to her even, but she does not feel as if it may be called such. Today does not feel to her a good day, nor has any day she can remember, yet onward with such falsities and pretense she presses.

Taking the seat opposite hers, he continues his idle chat concerning nothing relevant to her, stuff only important to him, mostly business and a few attempted jokes. When he talks, he is animated, using his hands mostly to express what his words cannot. Pleased with

her frequent nods and semi-frequent smiles, he pauses then finishes. Preparing to speak, she leans toward him only to find him moving away.

"Kiss me, darling, I'm off to work." Without pretending to kiss her or waiting to receive a kiss, he rushes off to a world full of people whose useless chatter has deafened silence.

She cannot talk to that man, let alone relate to him.

Sometimes she tries to communicate her feelings or a particular point about a topic, but she is silently shunned by his inexpressive face and an occasional and uninterested nod. They are not married, not engaged and not together. They have lived in the same apartment for what seems like forever, and that seems enough to constitute some sort of unspoken agreement. Every night there is sex, but it remains passionless and sour. Sour to her whole self, grating on her nerves and being, ripping a part of her from its core each time: disintegrating her from the inside. To move elsewhere is not an option; it is not even a fantasized idea. Tangled together the two have somehow become, not through love but perhaps from just being. There is no ring, yet they are equally trapped in a modern hell comparable to nothing earthly.

What is good? Today her tasks consist of nothing good. They remain virtually unchanged from the tasks of the previous day, the day before that and so forth. They are this: write. She is a writer, has been a writer, and yet has not written a thing since she moved in with him. How long ago was that? It remains hard to estimate. Each day begins as each day ends: staring nostalgically at a blank computer screen. *Golden days of youth, where have you gone! Why have you slipped through my fingers and shattered like glass on the floor? When I was not paying attention, I missed your goodbye, and you have yet to return from your long absence.* Nothing runs through her brain, nothing stimulates her senses. He has sucked from her the last drop of anything precious.

Sitting, staring, shivering, still at the kitchen table, she cannot think of a word to write. Shaking, she inadvertently knocks her cup of tea to the floor. It shatters. The deafening roar which breaks hours of silence ceases. Remaining unmoved, unblinking, her trance continues. Hypnotized by the dark liquid covering the floor, she begins to remember. Birds. Music. Laughter. In her mind plays real laughter. Happy laughter echoing off walls emanating from happy people. She sees a

woman. She is wearing a blue dress and red lipstick. Arm in arm with a handsome man, she sits at a table in a faraway and exotic café sharing a joke. The woman is laughing and the man smiles, pleased. Eyes catch eyes where eyes laugh and laugh. Hands touch hands whereupon the smiling eyes notice and smile larger. She focuses in on the dark liquid and sees nothing, hears nothing. She feels nothing or rather the feeling is lost. The pleasant laughter has faded back to a repressed memory of an unmentionable time.

Somehow, somehow, she becomes aware of her surroundings. Sitting in an empty room—minus the table, chairs and various kitchen appliances—she is alone. The walls are dirty as is the floor. The room is soundless. She realizes at this precise moment, at this precise time, where she is. Alone, she senses. Utterly and completely alone, in a place devoid of any real emotion. How did she end up here? The laughter, she remembers it and places it. The woman's laughter belongs to herself, the man's to him. Happy laughter, happy eyes, happy hands. How did they become so relentlessly cruel?

Emotional Exposure

By Amelia Arthur-Smith

His eyes pour over
her resting body. Unnoticed,
his shadow blankets her figure.

Trying to yield to desire,
a choir of
heartbeats deafens his senses.
Preserving the fantasy
fails. Unrepentant

fingers capture her flesh.
The unexpected touch
awakens this sleeping beauty.

Acknowledged,
she sets a stage of fantasy
transformed into reality.
Her eyes crystallize
an evolving truth.

The passionate struggle
exposes imprisoned emotions.
No words escape.

Writer's Block

By Sara Letourneau

She swims
in an ink-black sea,
her arms flailing,
groping for her surroundings.
Her heavy body
sinks deeper
and deeper,
as if she's falling
into an endless abyss of misery.

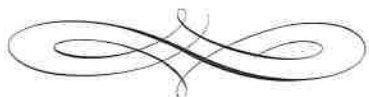
She screams,
but no one answers.
She tries to think,
but too much is happening
all at once.
She's lost,
misguided,
helpless.

Suddenly,
she grabs hold
of a jagged rock,
begins to pull herself
towards the surface.

Light...
She closes in on that spot:
violet, then navy, then sky blue, then white.
Climbing,
struggling,
she pushes herself up.
Up, up, up,
driven by her inspiration,
the will to succeed.

Splash!
Her head breaks the water's surface.
Air rushes through her mouth,
filling, reviving her lungs;
her skin soaked,
emerging into freedom
from the dark nothingness
that held her
captive.

Now she can breathe.
She can live.
Now she can share her thoughts
and tell her story.



Contributors' Notes

JOHN ABDULLA

John Abdulla is currently a junior majoring in Communication and English. His passion lies in filmmaking and social justice. John is the founder and president of ONE Curry, whose mission is to spread awareness and raise money to alleviate global poverty and human injustices.

AMELIA ARTHUR-SMITH

Amelia Arthur-Smith, an English major and *Curry Arts Journal* Practicum member, was an involved editor for this year's edition. This fall she transferred to Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University to study aeronautical science. She intends to work as an airline pilot.

AMANDA BERMAN

Amanda Berman graduated in May 2007 with a major in Visual Arts.

MEREDITH BEYERS

Meredith Beyers' essay "The Way I Am" won second place in the 2006 First Year Writing Prize Competition.

PAULA CABRAL

Paula Cabral received her Associate in Science Degree in medical studies from Aquinas Junior College in Milton and her Bachelor of Arts Degree from Curry College, where she majored in Communication and minored in English. Paula has been employed at Curry College since 1987. She and her husband Jim have one son, Scott, and two adorable grandchildren, Brandon and Makayla.

BRITTANY CAPOZZI

Brittany Capozzi, a sophomore from Dedham, Massachusetts, is an English major concentrating on Professional Writing and minoring in Music. She has been inditing short stories, prose, and poetry since the age of nine. "Chained Decisions" was officially copyrighted in 2005 along with several other of her poems. Her biggest passions are indeed writing and singing, but she also loves gathering knowledge about photography, marine life, and working with kids.

COLIN CARR

Colin Carr is a senior Communication major who writes and records hip hop music.

JEANETTE CHAMPAGNE

Jeanette Champagne, a sophomore English major at Curry, has been writing poetry since the seventh grade. In high school she participated in several poetry slams and was awarded "The Next Robert Frost" title two years in a row.

COURTNEY DOWDELL

Courtney Dowdell is a member of the class of 2010 from Salem, Massachusetts. She plans to double-major in Elementary Education and Integrated Liberal Studies.

ADAM FISK

Adam Fisk is human; he is a part of the collective conscious that makes up this world. In addition to his writing, he also is heavily involved in the campus radio station, WMLN, and is pursuing a career in broadcast radio. While some of the things he may say or write may be construed as offensive, he shows no regret. Regardless of the situation, his life motto perseveres: "If you are pushed every now and then, you won't fall for just anything." Tiocfaidh ár lá.

SARA GRAHAM

Sara Graham is a sophomore from Duxbury, Massachusetts. She loves reading and babysitting. She also would like to thank all of her family and friends for supporting her throughout every goal she strives toward in life.

CLAIRE HILDITCH

Claire Hilditch is a sophomore majoring in Visual Arts.

DEIDRE HOPKINS

Deidre Hopkins is a sophomore Criminal Justice major.

GILLIAN HYNES

Gillian Hynes is a senior Studio Arts major.

AVANELL "NIKI" KELLEY

Niki Kelley graduated in May 2007 with a Visual Arts major and a minor in Business Management. In April, she presented her honors thesis "Non-Toxic Polyester Plate Lithography," and some of her prints were also displayed in the Student Art Exhibit. Besides printmaking, she enjoys photography and graphic design. Her influences are her teachers who have pushed her to exceed her limits.

PEGGY KENNEDY

Peggy Kennedy wants to express her thanks to Professor Elizabeth Strasser for her professional demeanor in teaching ceramics. She takes her teaching seriously and demands a lot from her students, resulting in pieces that students can be very proud of. The lace jar is a result of using three textiles with different textures: burlap, lace, and corduroy. By randomly intertwining each texture, the final piece emerged.

SKYE KESSLER

Skye Kessler is a sophomore at Curry College. She is majoring in Graphic Design and is from Dedham, Massachusetts.

JESSICA KHEARY

Jessica Kheary graduated in May 2007 with a major in Psychology and a minor in Studio Arts.

KEVIN LEHNER

Kevin Lehner is very interested in writing both literature and music and is pursuing a Communication degree. He likes to work with people and hopes his words take him somewhere in life.

SARA LETOURNEAU

Sara Letourneau is originally from Foxboro, Massachusetts. She is a 2007 graduate of Curry College. An English major, she spent four years on the staff of the *Currier Times* and was the paper's editor during her senior year. However, Sara enjoys writing poetry and short stories and is currently working on a novel. She hopes to find a job in journalism, printing/publishing, or public relations and to perhaps publish her poetry and stories in the near future.

IAN NICHOLS

Ian Nichols graduated in May 2007 with a double major in Visual Arts and English.

ADAM PETRILLO

Abandoned as an infant in the barren Antarctic wilderness, Adam Petrillo learned about survival at an early age. The early years were quite hard for Adam. Living on puddle water and scraps of penguin meat insufficient to satisfy the larger more adept polar bears, Adam was barely able to make ends meet. His luck began to change when a pack of snow wolves emerged out of the desolate landscape and raised Adam as their own. In 2002, a godsend in the form of caring missionaries rescued Adam from the hardships of Antarctic living and enrolled him at Curry College, where he spent four enlightening years. Adam now resides in the sleepy town of Guildford, CT, where he happily continues to write to this day.

MICHAEL RAYMOND

Michael Raymond, this year's cover artist, graduated in May 2007 with a major in Information Technology and a minor in Graphic Design.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

Joanna Richardson is a sophomore at Curry College. Her major is undecided but she is leaning toward graphic design. Her piece that is featured is a product of both graphic design she did on her own and printmaking done in the studio. Printmaking has grown to be one of her many interests in the art major.

KERRY RONAN

Kerry Ronan is a junior Nursing major.

KRISTA SELNAU

Krista Selnau, a junior double-majoring in English and Politics and History, calls Bristol, Connecticut her home. In her free time she enjoys reading, writing, and helping others through her volunteer work.

ALEXANDRA SIU

Alexandra Siu is a sophomore majoring in Visual Arts. She enjoys writing and painting and plans to pursue art therapy to help others explore themselves through the production of art.

TRACY SHAPIRO

Tracy Shapiro, a junior Communication major with a double concentration in Television and Film Studies, is from Livingston, New Jersey. After two years of revising and editing "Women Hate Mirrors," she is thrilled that it has finally made its debut in the *Curry Arts Journal*. She worked very hard on this piece and hopes every young woman can relate to it. Tracy is involved in the Curry television studio and is a part of the student-run Television Practicum which produces all the shows on Curry's channel 8. She would like to dedicate her essay to her first-year writing professor Fiona Mills, who gave her the inspiration to write the very first version of "Women Hate Mirrors;" her family for all their encouragement; and her dog Rascal (1994-2005), who is looking down on her with a bunch of socks in his mouth.

SARAH WALKER

Sarah Walker is a junior Communication major.

WILLIAM WATERS

William Waters is a senior Graphic Design major.

MELINDA "LINDY" WONG

Lindy Wong is a sophomore Health major.

Curry Arts Journal Submission Guidelines

All Curry students are invited to submit quality poems, short stories, essays, script excerpts, and artwork on paper for consideration by a student/faculty panel. Submission deadlines occur at the end of the fall and spring semesters. Up to three submissions per person per semester will be reviewed. Each submission must be accompanied by a submission form. Forms are available in Drapkin Student Center, Levin Library, Hafer and Kennedy Academic Buildings, and the Faculty Building. Please staple or paperclip a completed form to each submission and include your name on the back of the work. Do not include your name anywhere on the front of the piece (with the exception of artwork). Cover design submissions must include the word *Curry* in the Trajan font in keeping with the college standards for print publications. Prose pieces must be double-spaced. We strongly suggest that you have your literary pieces edited and proofread by a faculty member or an Essential Skills tutor before turning them in to the *Curry Arts Journal*.

Submissions can be sent or delivered to the *Curry Arts Journal* mailbox on the first floor of the Faculty Building. If your work is accepted, you will be notified ASAP and be asked to send us a MS Word formatted disk and/or email attachment of your entry.

For more information, please contact Karen D'Amato at ext. 2157 or at kdamato@curry.edu. We look forward to hearing from you!

*The editors of Curry Arts Journal 2007
would like to thank the following supporters
for their generous commitment to this edition:*

The Humanities Department, English Area

The Publications Department
in the Office of Institutional Advancement

and especially

The Curry College Student Government Association